Couple to Mark Golden Wedding Tuesday

Residents of Edmonton for the past three decades and well known throughout the city for their active interest in civic affairs, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davidson, 5650 Ada blvd., will celebrate the 50th anniversary of their wedding Tuesday. During the afternoon and evening they will receive friends at their Highlands home and at the dinner hour their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Davidson, will entertain when covers will be laid for 10.

Clothes of Feminine War Workers

1891

Edmonton.

People of Clover Bar sent a petition to Ottawa against a railway crossing at Edmonton. Bulletin Feb 7: 91.

"Present village of Edmonton is not nor ever can be a ~~rival~~ Capital of the Edmonton District!" — Poor prophets they were.

Hungarians, Galicia, Poland.

Fall of Steil.

1882

J. Norris left Ed. 10th May 1882 for end of steil. He passed via Beaver Hills & Beaver Lake. then to Flag Hill, Cross Battle r. on old trail from Ed. to Carlton, thence S.E. to Crossing of Jumping Lake. Crossed So. Saskatchewan Red Sandy Hills below the Moose Woods, thence straight to Qu'appelle around the North end of Last Mountain Lake. This was a very direct trail other days.

Saturday

Battle R. Sept. 8 1882.

1882

Claim jumping in Edmonton 1882.

Copy of despatch sent to Ottawa Times by one of the jumpers: "Mob law & H.B. rule is the order of the day here. Jos. Bannerman located a claim lately and had a house nearly completed. Yesterday a mob assembled and hauled the house off the claim and hurled over a precipice. The leaders of the mob will be arrested. They consist of a few whites under influence of H.B. and many half breeds. The editor of the Bulletin is one of the leaders."

Bull. AP. 1. 1882.

Sept 1. 1905

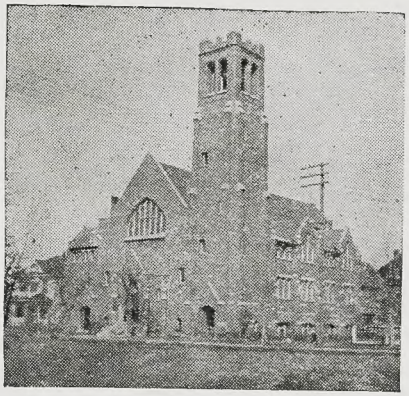
cuss the Rebuilding of Palestine

CARLSBAD, Czechoslovia, Sept. 1.—More than 600 delegates from practically every country in the world were here today to attend the twelfth international Zionist congress. Poland, with its Galician districts, claimed to have the largest delegation, having about 150 present

Journal

Jean Baptiste an employee of Calvin Hoar
the piper at ~~Jasper Hoare of Calvin Hoares~~ —
Converted to the Roman Faith. He had stolen
$200 from the Post Messenger was told to
restore it. When done so he asked for a
receipt. Why?
"You dee sent them me die" Understand?
When I knock at his gate Piter will say
How about Jam Sess? Blackstrap Sorgum?
How about that $2.00. Show me receipt.
How proud Jean Baptiste gat no receipt
the hans brun all over hild Ofend Jim

Der Rudd Athabasca Trail
P 177



OLD CHURCH, 1907-1942

Metropolitan United Church

REV. R. MCELROY THOMPSON
MINISTER
10440-83RD AVENUE
PHONE 32087

Edmonton, Alberta

DESTROYED BY FIRE, JAN. 1ST, 1942 (3 A.M.)

IF NOT AFFILIATED WITH,OR AT PRESENT ATTENDING ANY OTHER CHURCH,

YOU ARE MOST CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND AND SHARE IN FELLOWSHIP OF METROPOLITAN UNITED,Cor.109th St and 83rd Ave.

Sunday Services;- Public Worship, 11.00 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Church School;- (a) Primary Department,in Cluding Nursery for children up to 3 years; Beginners,for children 3-6; Primary for children 6-9 ,meets in the Assembly Hall during the morning service at 11.00 o'clock. Parents may thus bring their younger children to the Primary Department while they themselves attend the morning service.

(B) Junior,Senior and Intermediate Departments,for ages 10 years and up,meets immediately after the morning service, at 12.20 p.m.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION MEETS AFTER CHURCH EACH SUNDAY EVENING.

YOUR INTEREST AND HELP IN ANY PART OF THE CHURCH'S WORK WILL BE APPRECI

MSS. I.D. Book

Returned Robert E. Gard

FRONT DOOR TO THE NORTH

In 1928 the Edmonton Journal carried an editorial that began: " Away back, about 1807, Edmonton was destroyed by the Blood Indians, which was the liveliest bit of scalping seen in these parts until the real estate salesmen got busy about 1910. The town lot fellows chased the Edmonton settlement until they ran it five miles out of town from where the post office now stands. There they left it trembling and panting for breath, with a city council panting for ways and means to collect taxes. The result of the mad chase that went on in 1910-12 was to give Edmonton a far-flung border line with plenty of great open spaces within. When the speculators got out or gave up after an ambitious programme of street-opening, paving and sidewalk building had been put into operation, the city was left holding the bag....."

Yes, one may wander for miles inside the City, and only the occasional sign-post nailed to a poplar tree or a telephone pole reading "142nd st." or some such, destroys the illusion of taking a long walk in the country. Not that Edmonton isn't fast growing into its britches. It is. I'm in a position to say, since I spent most of a year looking for a house to live in. So perhaps the real estate boys did the City a good turn after all.

Just as Calgary has a background of cattle, oil and wheat, Edmonton has a background of the fur trade; and a pretentious background it is, stretching way back to 1795 when the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company erected forts at the site of the present

too, for if the city were on the south side, then the building of a bridge across the river might be put off for a considerable time. In those days of land and real estate development, the land office was the central agency in town, and the land office was on the north side of the river. The south side folks knew that they must have the land office, so a team and wagon was sent over on the ferry to bring the office records across. Everyone knew that if the land office went, then Edmonton would grow up on the south side.

This was an abhorrent thought. The Fort was on the north side...had been for almost a hundred years. To the Edmonton settlers Edmonton was the north side of the river; so when the rumor of the dastardly scheme reached the citizens, things began to happen.

Thomas Anderson, the land office agent, had arrived with his wagon to load up the records, when suddenly he was confronted by the Edmonton Home Guard, a truly valiant body of citizenry who had been organized during the Rebellion of 1885. The Guard had been called out by Mayor McCauley, and was under the command of Major Osborne, the Edmonton postmaster.

Under the Major's direction the wheels were taken off the wagon, and, according to one story told me, the wagon was pushed right into the river! Another wagon was sent over from the south side, but the drayman was met at the ferry by a determined group of men who told him to go home or he'd regret it.

Signs of general rebellion were in the air. The Mounted Police were summoned from Fort Saskatchewan a few miles down the river, but when the Police got as far as Rat Creek, near Edmonton, they were met by the stalwart Home Guard. The Guard defied the Police to enter the city.

And meanwhile offers of assistance were coming in from Calgary, Macleod, Medicine Hat and from other Alberta towns.

In the face of such determination it is needless to say that the center of Edmonton stayed right where it was: on the north side. No blood was shed, but poor Major Osborne paid the price of independence by losing his job as postmaster. This was on the grounds that he had taken up arms against the government! He paid a price that patriots have often had to pay.

~~And during 1885 Edmonton~~

The famous tale of the Edmonton brass cannon also demonstrates the Edmontonian's willingness to fight for his town; and though this tale has a laughable ending no glory is thereby detracted from the fellows who would have been heroes if they'd had a chance.

into the river! Another wagon was sent over, but the drayman was met at the ferry by a determined group of Edmonton men who told him to go home, or he ~~would~~ regret it.//

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Meanwhile offers of assistance were coming in from Calgary, Macleod, Medicine Hat and other Alberta towns!

Needless to say, in the face of such courage, the centre of town stayed on the North side of the river. No blood was shed, but poor Major Osborne paid the price of independence, by losing his job as postmaster, on the grounds that he had taken up arms against the Government! His was a fate that patriots have often had to pay!//

While ~~I'm~~ speaking of Rebellions, we may as well mention the incident of the brass cannon.

It was and
~~In~~ 1885, there was a great unrest among the Indians of Alberta in sympathy with the Riel uprisings elsewhere. After the fight at Duck Lake on March 26th the Indians showed signs of hostility, and rumors of uprisings ~~and unrest~~ among the settlers ~~spread with great rapidity~~. Along the Saskatchewan at Red Deer, Beaver Lake, Battle River and other points in central Alberta, the Indians were pillaging and plundering.// On April 2nd at Frog Lake, Big Bear's band murdered ~~scalped~~

6

a number of settlers and carried off the rest. Incidentally, at Frog Lake today you can see the graves of these settlers, the cellars of their homes, and pick up hand-made nails and bits of broken china.

Major General Strange and Major Perry set out from Calgary with a detachment of soldiers and a nine pound cannon for which a road had to be cut most of the way to Edmonton. Captain Stiff organized the Edmonton Home Guard as isted by Chief Factor Macdougall who was in charge of Fort Edmonton. News that Riel had called on all the Indian tribes to rebel, and that Poundmaker's men had arisen, hastened the defence of Fort Edmonton and all arms and amunition in the district were collected. Inspector Griesbach who was in command of the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan took command of the Edmonton district. From Edmonton the detachments of soldiers and Mounted Police spread out to Frog Lake, Fort Pitt, Frenchman's Butte and Loon Lake. Eventually, the mutinous Indians were quelled and Big Bear was captured.

At this time, rumors, tales of scalpings and other atrocities spread like wildfire among the Edmonton people. Word came in that there was a huge Indian encampment on Miner's Flat (where the gravel pit and toboggan slide are now) and that the Indians, besmeared with war-paint, were engaged in war-dances.

The Mounties were sent out to investigate and found not a single Indian. Nonetheless, the rumors persisted. Fort Edmonton was the site of fervish activity. All guns and amunition were collected and it was decided to load the two heavy brass cannon which stood outside the palisade facing south across the ford in the river.

(Incidentally, one of these cannon stood in the garden of Mrs. Harrison Young's home on 107th Street for many years.)

It was some time since the cannon had been loaded and no one around the Fort could remember how they should be primed. Malcolm Groat who had been an old whaler was called in to superintend the job. His memory, too, was dim, and he could not remember whether it should be one pound of powder and five pounds of shot; five pounds of powder and one pound of shot; or five pounds of powder and five pounds of shot. After much discussion it was decided that the larger the amount of each, the more effective would be the charge. Consequently, the cannon were loaded with five pounds of powder and five pounds of shot.

It is history now, of course, that during the '85 [illegible], the Indians never attacked Fort Edmonton. Gradually, ~~as tales of the success at Fort Pitt, Frenchman's Butt, etc. came in,~~ the normal activities of the settlement were resumed. The Mounties eventually went out to the nearest encampment in the Edmonton district, ~~and~~ smoked the pipe of peace and buried the hatchet.

The Factor of the Fort decided that all danger was past and that the loaded cannon were a menace. The question was: "could the cannon be unloaded or would it be simpler to fire them?" Whether there was any question ~~in their minds~~ as to whether the charge was correctly proportioned or not, has never been told.

A crowd gathered around, the light was applied and those in the gathering swear that for some time they thought the whole world had exploded. The cannon blew back and lodged in the palisade of the Fort. Everything within a radius of yards behind the cannon

was flattened to the ground. What happened to the shot? Those present on that occasion swear that it is still travelling around the world, for though they searched high and low on the South side of the river, none of the shot was ever recovered.

During the early 1890's, the Edmonton Fair Grounds were situated approximately where the C.N.R. depot stands today. It was decided to stage a spectacular fair featuring fireworks which had not been presented in Edmonton up to that time. Consequently the display was advertised far and wide, and the Indians as well as white settlers came from points as far distant as Athabasca Landing, St. Albert, etc. away. The gaily painted Indian tepees were erected all around the fairgrounds, and contributed much to the festive air.

One thousand pounds of fireworks The fireworks were imported in two enormous cases approximately six-feet square. Two local residents who professed to know the art of handling fireworks were appointed to officiate. They piled all the Roman candles, skyrockets, etc. from one box on top of the other, making an enormous mound of explosives. The other packing case was upended beside it. The great event was announced with much heraldry, then one official took his place on the empty case and applied a light to the skyrocket which he held in his hand. Instead of rising to the sky and bursting into a myriad of colored balls, it shot backwards into the mound of fireworks and immediately the whole world seemed to be alive with colored balls, and the very air vibrated with the explosions. Skyrockets exploded in every direction, some shooting directly through the Indian tepees while others entered and exploded inside.

The white spectators took refuge behind any available shelter; but the Indians, thinkihg that all the devils had been unleashed on them had but one idea: to put distance between them and Edmonton. The terrified natives gave not a thought to their possessions. One pony was seen heading north with three full-grown Indian braves on its back; another with children hanging from mane and tail. So many crowded into a buckboard that the horses could~~n't~~ ~~not~~ move it, and ~~they~~ wasted much time ~~in~~ cursing and whipping the animal~~s before~~ they finally took to their own heels.

One of the official starters grabbed an armful of fireworks and started to run, but the fire had got to them and they went off in his arms ~~and~~ people scattered from him in every direction.

This celebration meant real work for the Mounties. The Indians were convinced that the white people had brought them to Edmonton to destroy them, and it was felt that such a conviction in the minds of all the Indians in this territory could have serious consequences. Accordingly the Mounties were sent out to bring them back, restore them to their possessions, and convince them that no real harm had been done. Some of the Redcoats went almost as far as Athabasca before they rounded up a large group of Indians.

All the land where the Misericordia Hospital now stands (and for miles west as a matter of fact) was one enormous muskeg. One Indian pony was finally discovered stuck fast in the bog, with seven terrified Indian children clinging to his back.

[illegible] people [illegible] their city, [illegible] to [illegible] north bank [illegible] river. It's a [illegible] river, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dwarf [illegible] [illegible] the river flow. [illegible] [illegible] to the river, and [illegible] river [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], but [illegible] depression [illegible] river, and it kept them alive.

The [illegible] days on the river are now only a memory. The York boats have vanished, and very few persons recognize such words as "tracking" or "tump line".....words [illegible] very real meaning in the days when every boats were bodily dragged up-[illegible] stream.

Many a newcomer to Edmonton found employment on the river. [illegible] one such newcomer was William Swindler, who told me:" On my first arrival in this town of Edmonton, like many another Old Country boy, I looked around the river bank. There wasn't much to be seen, as it was [illegible] and the whole country was snowbound from the horizon to horizon.

"Now, I was a boy I wanted to be on the water, but after two years at sea I wanted to [illegible] a bit closer to land, and yet as far away from the sea as I could. That's why I chose Edmonton.

" However, when I got out here I found that the water still called me, so when the ice went out I went to see Jock Walter who ran the saw mill and the ferry.

"Jock had installed the ferry just in time to carry the troops across in the '85 Rebellion. He was very proud of the scow, because the cable on which it ran he fetched from

winnings. How did he fetch it? Well, he hooked a yoke of oxen onto it and dragged it. Yes sir, two thousand miles round trip, and Jock used to say that it took him all of six months.

" I was Jock's boss for a while, but I kept watching the two old steamers on the river. There was the "City of Edmonton", and the "City of Strathcona". The "Edmonton" was a sort of pleasure boat hauling on "moonlight trips" down to Clover Bar or up to Big Island. The "Strathcona" was used for taking supplies up-river to the lumbering camps.

" Well, I could see that the old "Strathcona was getting ready for a trip up-river, and I wanted to be along. So finally, away we went with a lot o' hissing and snorting and grunting. It wasn't all beer and skittles, for after we got under way I went up to the bridge where Captain Pearce was in command. He grit through the window a couple of times and hollered that it seemed like lunch time. ' Can ye cook?' says he. ' No, ' says I, ' only for myself.' ~~xxxx

lumps of dirt and coal. He was awfully sick, and only did light duty for the rest of the trip. This pleased me, since he relieved me of the cook ~~duty~~. job.

When we reached the narrower parts of the river where there are sometimes two or even three channels, we looked around the bend two or three times, and as many times drifted down again. I saw the great Jack Walter standing beside the escape valve, and in order to ship the old tank over the rapids, he stood outside on a narrow ledge of boards with one foot on lever down the valve so as to conserve every once of steam. Even if the whole she-bang should blow to Kingdom-Come he intended that we should climb that rapid! and we did.

" In about five or six days we reached at point and unloaded our supplies for the river boys, who were still a few miles furt er up-stream.

" We were lookin for a cozy spot to tie up for the night, when my eyes spotted what looked like a bundle of blankets just ewer on a travel bar on the other side.

" I drew Curtain Conrad's attention to it but he said:

' Nome. Just a dead-log.' ([illegible] much-to-be-[illegible].)

"However, I was [illegible] to [illegible] the bet.....n' old, flat-bo towed two, about agreed. As our skiff was [illegible], as I called over there, and where - not very far that I'd seen, I wished I'd [illegible] our [illegible]. For what I saw was the body of [illegible] the [illegible], his [illegible] [illegible].

" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

"I left the boat [illegible] I [illegible] Rock Rapids. It was [illegible] I could run out of [illegible] the middle. For instance, once [illegible] with [illegible] I [illegible] mosquitoes, [illegible]

"I [illegible] little snooze,

I picked up out [illegible] the bull-of-the-[illegible] that had wrecked [illegible] with the flood, and was just about asleep alongside it, when the [illegible] seemed to be moving. I looked up and looked over the tree just at the end of the point that a bear decided to look around and find out what was on my side. He literally grunted right into my face. I could smell his breath for the next several years.

"I dropped and the bear dropped, and after a couple of hours, or maybe a minute, I got my courage to look again. There was the bear a quarter of a mile away, headed for the Rocky Mountains. I guess the bear and I were both scared. Anyway I never told any of the crew for they were the bravest men I ever saw..... together in a tent. A Belgian working with us at the time (very brave) volunteered to go to another camp about ten miles away for provisions the cook needed very badly. He apparently got there all right and started back with his pack in a gunny sack.

"Just before dark [illegible] we heard some wild yelling and brush-breaking and Le Belgique minus coat and gunny sack fell right into the tent..

"He seldom mentioned the incident, except that a bear had chased him.. But that fall I accidently came across the same gunny sack and its contents scattered through the brush quite near the other camp. La Belgique had run for nearly ten miles! "

Life on the river in the early days was full of hazards. It was a tremendous job to get the boats through from York Factory on Hudson Bay to Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House. Much of the up-stream travel was " tracking". Half the crew would land, and attaching themselves to the heavy line fastened

abaft the bow, would commence to march upstream, along the beach, or in the water inshore. The steersman, occasionally assisted by the bowsman, guided the boat. The watch off duty immediately rolled themselves in their blankets, head and foot to keep off the mosquitoes, and went to sleep.

Where the beach was good the men went quite rapidly. However, there was often no beach to track on, and the men had to plunge into water anywhere from ankle to waist deep.....quite a trick when pulling at a heavy line. Sometimes, too, the water would be too deep along the banks to wade; and then the men had to tear their way up the bank through brush and forest where the line often fouled. At times the banks would be very steep, and of slick clay, and at these places the men would be forced to climb to anything they might grasp, while still tugging the boat ahead.

After passing the portage over the Grand Rapids and other rapids near Lake Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan was more or less free of interruption to Edmonton. The lower river was ascended under oars unless a favorable wind lent an aid to navigation. When the high and dry banks above The Pas were reached, the men went out ahead on the track-line, and pulled fairly steadily to Edmonton.

There was a new danger now, however, from war parties of the Sioux. Many an attempt to capture the boats was made by the Indians, but the vigilant boatmen usually shoved off just in time.

Nearing Fort Edmonton the boatmen donned their best shirt of red wool, or tied a fresh handkerchief about their heads.. The trucking was always easier when they could finally see the Fort on the river bank, with the Hudson's Bay Flag bearing the letters H. B. C.. (sometimes interpreted " Here Before Christ") flying in the wind.

Perhaps the great Chief Factor Rowand would be standing on the shore to meet the boatmen.

Rowand was known for a number of things. First of all, perhaps, for his fiery temper. He was said to be the master of several Indian dialects, and knew a good many more so that he could terrorize an Indian in any of them.. He was also known as the builder of "Rowand's Folly". The house of the Chief Factor at every Hudson's Bay post was known as the "Big House", and "Rowand's Folly" was the biggest of them all. In its early days, the house was one of the most splendid buildings over a thousand miles from Derby, England to Brighton.

Rowand loved to entertain. He loved the "big house." In 1848 the artist, Paul Kane visited Edmonton under the courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Company.. He had travelled from Toronto across the continent, and stopped at Edmonton on his return journey. It was near Christmas, and the one hundred and thirty people living within the palisades of the Fort were anticipating a great feast.

On Christmas day the flag was raised, and everyone appeared in his best clothes. The feast was held in the large room used as a reception hall for the Indian chiefs when they paid Fort Edmonton a visit. Kane wrote that: " No tablecloth nor its accompanying witness over the board, no silver candlesticks or waxy chandeliers interfered with its social influence.. for until the

plates and dishes polished fully bright, and burnished all up the wooden trencher next to the host.....

"At the head.....was a large dish of buffalo hump; at the foot a boiled buffalo calf (whole). My pleasant duty was to help a dish of mouffle or dried moose nose; the gentleman on my left distributed with graceful impartiality the whitefish delicately browned in buffalo marrow. The worthy priest helped the buffalo tongue, while Mr. Rundle cut up the beaver tails. Nor was the other gentleman left unemployed, as all his spare time was occupied in dissecting a roast wild goose. The center of the table was graced with piles of potatoes, turnips and bread, conveniently [illegible] to the [illegible] himself without interrupting the labors of his companions. Such was our jolly dinner time at Fort Edmonton, and long will it remain in my memory, although no "lily of purity" or blanc manges shed their fragrance over the scene."

In the evening a great dance was held to which all the 23 inmates of the fort were invited. Indians, voyageurs, half-breeds — dressed and decorated with countless trinkets, were present as well as Paul Kane and the officials of the Fort.

Kane himself led to the floor a young Cree squaw and danced a mad reel, while the Indian lady gravely jumped up and down.

John Rowand, the factor's [illegible], is a legendary Edmonton figure. Before his death in 1861 he directed that his bones be shipped to his old home in Quebec for burial. His request was taken literally. A Cree Indian was given the job of boiling Rowand's remains and cleaning the flesh off the bones. The story goes that the Indian took the liberty of slicing off a piece of Rowand's heart and eating it; so that he might become brave like the great man.

[redacted]45

[redacted]1-870

Mrs Emma [redacted]

H043 87[redacted]

I've also heard that Rowand was shipped east in a barrel of rum. I leave you to judge the preferable method. Whichever means was employed, however, Rowand had a long journey before he finally came to rest. It was feared that the river boatmen would revolt were it known that they were transporting a dead man, so poor Rowand was actually shipped to Europe and then back to his final resting place.

2

One of the Edmonton traditions is the famous high level bridge which spans the whole Saskatchewan valley. The bridge can hardly be called a thing of beauty, but perhaps its very stark ugliness has endeared it to the Edmonton heart. Edmonton would simply not be Edmonton without that bridge.

It was built as a joint enterprise by the city and the C. N. R. After there was no longer any doubt about Edmonton growing up on the north side of the river. The street cars crawl their way across on tracks laid at the very outter edges, and a first trip across on the cars turns more than one usually hardy passenger a pallid green.

A mammouth celebration had been planned for the opening of the bridge in 1912, but the actual opening was anticipated by an event which happened to disrupt the civic life. Here is the real story of the opening of the high level bridge.....

The year the bridge was completed was the first year that graduates from the University and Edmonton high schools were admitted to the university. These lads anticipated their college education with boisterous glee and were really ready to do.

Or scent Rats! Rats! Rats!"

[illegible] consent of the other [illegible] made up his mind, the freshmen boldly told the judge he was a liar, and this was the signal for battle to start forthwith.

The boys were seized with [illegible], hauled up to the second story of Athabasca Hall where a greased slide had been erected. They were shot out the window on the slide and into troughs filled with water.

This preliminary ordeal completed, they were tied by the ankles to a long rope, chained and marched to the neighboring Methodist college. The procession was headed by a donkey which absolutely refused to cooperate when the steps at the north end of the college were reached.

After much difficulty the donkey was bodily lifted up the steps and led along the corridor. When they reached the rotunda, the floor being new and beautifully polished, the donkey lay down and refused to budge; so he was bodily pushed along the floor and down the front steps where the procession formed again and started ....nobody knew where.

At that time the ground around the university was just a forest of trees, broken here and there where a few new streets were being cut through. The curb was being laid on one of these and into the fresh cement some of the freshest of the freshmen were pushed--head first.

Edmonton was having its own rathaustube boom at this time, and signs, advertising property, were nailed to trees on every side. The boys pulled these signs off, and holding them aloft, marched on.

Their march carried them to the south end of the high level bridge. It was blocked at both ends. It seems that the

city had not yet paid its one-third of the cost, and the C. P. R. refused to allow any traffic until it received its pound of flesh.

The boys began to yell that the C. P. R. had long enough dominated the country, and that there came a time in the affairs of men...etc...etc... So the barricade at the south end was trampled down and the entire procession poured over.

The whole city was terrified. Word had reached down-town Jasper Avenue that hell had broken loose at the university. Screaming shop-keepers took every movable thing inside and double-locked the doors.

They were just in time, for down Jasper Avenue came the serpentine dance. The street cars were boarded, the motormen shoved into the street, and one of the most hectic traffic snarls ever known in Edmonton materialized. The police were powerless. The Mayor tore out all his hair. One alderman is said to have committed suicide, but of course I can't vouch for that.

A message was sent to the Alberta government for aid.

"We want the Home Guard! We want the Mounted Police!" screamed the citizens.

The government, however, knew a more direct method. Dr. Torrey, the university president, was contacted, and told that if the students weren't called off the government grant to the university would be with-held. Can you think of a better

way to terrify a university president? I can't.

The direct method worked. President Torrey appealed to the students who were having a wonderful time taking Edmonton apart piece by piece. The students thought Torrey was a pretty good sort, so they disbanded. But the scars of the battle remained on the face of the city for a long time; and the bridge, at least, had been opened.

Mary: ask Dorothy for a visit

The Edmonton story ~~is a kaleidoscope and~~ embraces many separate tales. ~~Incidentally~~ The city has its famous jests--like the story the old-timers tell about Archie Dent. Archie was standing a fearful evening at the Dasher House, a celebrated Edmonton hostelry, which had a back door opening directly out onto the steep river bank. Below the door there was a sheer drop of perhaps twenty feet.

For getting where he was, Archie pulled open the door and stepped out into space. A long, wild yell followed his descent to the river bank, and the sudden silence after he hit made his friends in the hotel believe that Archie had met an untimely and undeserved end.

His friends rushed out to fetch up the pieces, but to their surprise they found Archie unhurt but staring upward at the door in the utmost astonishment.

"Boys," said Archie, "that's the funniest step I ever took!"

They like to tell around Edmonton, too, the tale about Jim McKennan. Jim was the first telegraph operator in the district, and during the Indian troubles Jim was afraid that the half-breed

[illegible] Redboots, was [illegible] at the [illegible].

Jim and some [illegible] to be [illegible], since [illegible] office was entirely unprotected [illegible] river; so [illegible] went [illegible] to Sir John A. Macdonald, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] not all [illegible]. Later, it is reported that [illegible] one in five hundred will [illegible] [illegible] years, over-arrived at this destination. Their [illegible] [illegible]....[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

[illegible] cross [illegible] The problem is very simple. [illegible] to cross [illegible] that the street car [illegible] over the river. [illegible] to be run over, [illegible] one [illegible] of fifty feet [illegible] don't [illegible] to quit [illegible] constant pressure on the streets [illegible] its tracks, and now the cars [illegible] of the bridge. Of course anyone [illegible] of the bridge will not be run over by a C. P. R. train, but to the ordinary Edmontonian death under the wheels [illegible] less terrifying than a simple, final plunge into the river.

Archie Boag:

Boag still has a sister here. Might be well to observe his movements?

Boag was one of Edmonton's "remittance men". He had a reputation for liking his "likker". The Old Jasper Hotel in Edmonton had its back door opening out on the steep bank of the Saskatchewan river. One night Archie, who was in no fit state, opened the back door and simply stepped out into space — a drop of twenty-five feet. His friends rushed out to pick up the pieces — but instead of finding a dead Archie, they found him staring, open-mouthed up at the door.

"Archie we thought you were killed!" cried one of his cronies.

"Boys," said Archie, "that's the best step I ever saw!"

Edmonton Rebellion

One of the best stories about Edmonton is the tale of the Edmonton Rebellion. This was probably inspired by the desire of the C.P.R. though you perhaps should mention this. There is a brief account of it on Page 93. in book included. In reality it had more color than this account gives it. The citizens of Edmonton were really sore. They didn't want the center of Edmonton to be on the south side, where it undoubtedly would have been, had the land office moved. They burned Anderson in effigy among other things & the whole mess demonstrated the independent spirit of the new town and its people. They didn't like to be pushed around.

Education

The story they were telling in your office about voting would work in well with comments about Education + possibly good if you want to use anything about the first school— Newspaper clipping included.

Dr. McGreen

in book included,

P. 95 in is a good story about a "Morrgin'" in Edmonton & the collection of a "fee" by the Minister ——— which also might be used if you want to demonstrate the business ability which has made Edmonton a leading western City.

Stories about the Gold Rush of '98 in Edmonton are good— Have included several of these for your use if desired.

If you wished, a good way to do broadcast would be to start by saying that Edmonton is a growing, lively city — cross-roads of north, stuff— & then demonstrate why Edmonton has grown, by telling several short tales demonstrating the independence and business ability & Educational background of People..... also some of the queers & strange people Edmonton has known.... like the trail of '98 characters. etc. etc.... or Archie Boag.

Healthy Climate of Edmonton

~~First settlers~~

Early settlers of Edmonton thought they'd need a cemetery; so got a plot & fixed it up. But nobody died ... not even a dog. So these early settlers sent for all their oldest friends & relatives to come up... thinking that surely one of these old folks would soon pass away ... but instead these old people began to get younger. Settlers were embarrassed, because they'd hired an undertaker to come up, and this fellow was starving ... to finally had to go to Saskatchewan to die.

End of it was, they had to shoot a man to start the cemetery.

(This might be used to demonstrate why Edmonton has produced so many hardy and long-lived people.)

~~The famous tale of the Edmonton brass cannon also demonstrates the Edmontonian's willingness to fight for his town; and~~ Though this tale has a laughable ending, no glory is thereby detracted from the fellows who would have become heroes if they'd had a chance.

It was 1885, and there was great unrest among the Indians of Alberta in sympathy with the Riel uprising elsewhere. After the fight at Duck Lake on March 26, the Indians showed signs of hostility, and rumor of wide bloodshed spread among the settlers. Along the Saskatchewan at Red Deer, Beaver Lake, Battle River, and other points in central Alberta, the Indians were pillaging and plundering. On April 2 at Frog Lake, Big Bear's band murdered a number of settlers and carried off the rest.

News that Riel had called on all the Indian tribes to rebel and that Round Maker's men had arisen, hastened the defense of Fort Edmonton and all arms and ammunition in the district were collected. Inspector Griesbach, who was in command of the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan, took command of the Edmonton district. From Edmonton the detachments of soldiers and Mounted Police spread

out to Frog Lake, Fort Pitt, Frenchman's Butte, and Loon Lake. Eventually, the mutinous Indians were quelled, and Big Bear was captured.

At this time, rumors, tales of scalping, and other atrocities, spread like wildfire among the Edmonton people. Word came in that there was a huge Indian encampment on Miner's Flat, and that Indians, besmeared with war paint, were engaged in war dances.

The Mounties were sent out to investigate and found not a single Indian. Nonetheless, the rumors persisted. Fort Edmonton was the site of feverish activity. All guns and ammunition were collected, and it was decided to load the two heavy brass cannon which stood outside the palisade facing south across the ford in the river.

It had been some time since the cannon had been loaded, and no one around the fort could remember how they should be primed. Malcolm Groat, who had been an old whaler, was called in to superintend the job. His memory, too, was dim, and he could not remember whether it should be: one pound of powder and five pounds of shot; five pounds of powder and one pound of shot; or five pounds of powder and five pounds of shot. After

much discussion, it was decided that the larger the amount of each, the more effective would be the charge. Consequently, the cannon was loaded with five pounds of powder and five pounds of shot.

It is history now, of course, that during the '85 Rebellion, the Indians never attacked Fort Edmonton, and gradually the normal activities of the settlement were resumed. The Mounties eventually went out to the nearest encampment in the Edmonton district, smoked the pipe of peace, and buried the hatchet.

The Factor of the fort decided that all danger was past and that the loaded cannon were a menace. The question was: could the cannon be unloaded, or would it be simplier to fire them? Whether there was any question as to whether the charge was correctly proportioned, has never been told. However, it was decided it would be a greater celebration if the cannon were fired.

A crowd gathered around, the light was applied, and those in the gathering swear that for some time they thought the whole world had exploded! The cannon blew back and lodged in the palisade

of the fort. Everything within a radius of yards behind the cannon was flattened to the ground. What happened to the shot? Those present on the occasion swear that it is still traveling around the world; for though they searched high and low on the south side of the river, none of the shot was ever recovered.

No less a heroic gesture -- and similar in results -- was the great fireworks celebration worthy of their town, so it was decided to stage a spectacular fair featuring fireworks which had not been presented in Edmonton up to that time. Consequently, the display was advertised far and wide, and the Indians as well as white settlers came from points as far distant as Athabasca Landing, 100 miles away. Gaily painted Indian tepees were erected all around the fairgrounds.

One thousand dollars worth of fireworks had been imported in two enormous cases approximately six feet square. Two local residents who professed to know the art of handling fireworks were appointed to officiate. They piled all the roman candles, skyrockets, and pinwheels from one box on top of the other, making an enormous mound of explosives. The other packing case was upended beside it.